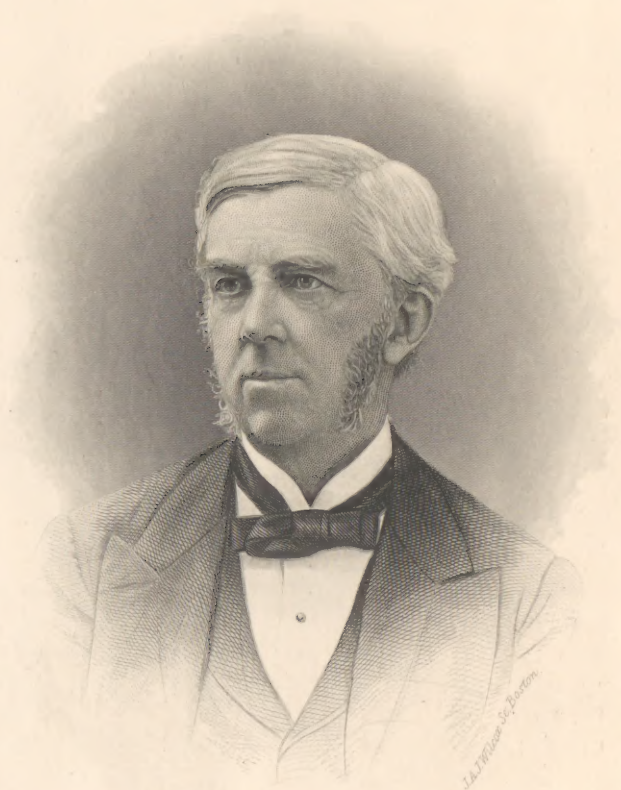


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Oliver Wendell Holmes.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE DINNER

GIVEN BY

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

APRIL 12, 1883

TO

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

M.D., LL.D.

EDITED BY

WESLEY M. CARPENTER, M.D.

"A few can touch the Magic String,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them ;
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them !"

NEW YORK
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
27 & 29 WEST 23D STREET
1883

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1883

Press of
G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York



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PLAN OF SEATS AT DINNER.

PORTRAITS.

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HISTORY.

Early in March, 1883, at a dinner party of physicians in the University Club, one of the number alluded to the fact that Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES had just retired from the Chair of Anatomy in the Medical Department of Harvard University, which he had filled for nearly forty years. As for some years before this appointment he had held the same Chair in Dartmouth Medical College, he has for more than forty years been a most conscientious, successful, and brilliant teacher in those departments which constitute the very foundation of medicine as a science.

During this period, his numerous contributions to medical literature have been universally accepted by the profession as being not only of great value, but as perfect in their manner and form of presentation. He has also acquired such eminence in general literature as only those writers can have who are read with delight and pleasure by the whole cultivated and English-reading world. This country and this city have many who have won great distinction as writers and contributors to medical literature. Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Mitchell, Curtis, James Howells, and many others might be mentioned who have created an American literature. But it may be doubted whether, in any age or

country, there has ever lived one who has won such honor in both medical and general literature.

It was asked whether, at this time, it would not be a graceful and appropriate expression of the general sentiment of the medical profession of the city of New York to invite Dr. HOLMES to a public dinner, and whether all classes of the regular profession, without distinction as to schools, societies, or party divisions of any kind, would not gladly join to make such a demonstration a happy as well as a useful one.

The suggestion was received by all present with great enthusiasm, and an organization was immediately effected as a nucleus for the formation of a General Committee of Arrangement to carry out the scheme proposed. Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas was elected Chairman of this General Committee, Dr. George L. Peabody, Secretary, and Dr. Paul F. Mundé, Treasurer.

Dr. Fordyce Barker was elected Hon. Chairman, to preside at the dinner.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

Dr. JAMES H. ANDERSON,
 " A. BRAYTON BALL,
 " WILLIAM T. BULL,
 " CLEMENT CLEVELAND,
 " JOHN G. CURTIS,
 " JOHN C. DALTON,
 " BENJAMIN F. DAWSON,
 " FRANCIS DELAFIELD,
 " WILLIAM H. DRAPER,
 " FRANK P. FOSTER,
 " ALLAN McLANE HAMILTON,

Dr. EVERETT HERRICK,
 “ EDWARD L. KEYES,
 “ FRANK P. KINNICUTT,
 “ GEORGE M. LEFFERTS,
 “ ALFRED L. LOOMIS,
 “ EDWARD G. LORING,
 “ CHARLES MCBURNEY,
 “ JAMES W. MCLANE,
 “ CHARLES I. PARDEE,
 “ HENRY G. PIFFARD,
 “ WILLIAM M. POLK,
 “ BEVERLEY ROBINSON,
 “ D. B. ST. JOHN ROOSA,
 “ CHARLES D. SCUDDER,
 “ A. A. SMITH,
 “ A. H. SMITH,
 “ LEWIS A. STIMSON,
 “ FREDERICK R. STURGIS,
 “ CHARLES S. WARD,
 “ DAVID WEBSTER,
 “ FRANCIS M. WELD,
 “ ROBERT F. WEIR,
 “ GEORGE G. WHEELLOCK,
 “ LEROY M. YALE.

At a subsequent meeting of the General Committee,
 the following sub-committees were appointed:

COMMITTEE ON INVITATIONS.

Dr. T. GAILLARD THOMAS,
 “ JOHN C. DALTON,
 “ ROBERT F. WEIR,
 “ WILLIAM H. DRAPER,
 “ WILLIAM M. POLK,
 “ CHARLES MCBURNEY.

DINNER COMMITTEE.

Dr. CHARLES INSLEE PARDEE,
 " D. B. ST. JOHN ROOSA,
 " JAMES H. ANDERSON.

DECORATION AND PRINTING PLAN OF TABLE.

Dr. LEROY M. YALE,
 " ALLAN McLANE HAMILTON.

It was voted to invite as guests:

Dr. WILLARD PARKER, of New York,
 " ALONZO CLARK, "
 " AUSTIN FLINT, "
 " JAMES ANDERSON, "
 " ABRAM DU BOIS, "
 " WILLIAM DETMOLD, "
 " ALFRED C. POST, "
 " JOHN T. METCALFE, "
 " WM. H. VAN BUREN, "
 " HENRY J. BIGELOW, of Boston,
 " S. D. GROSS, of Philadelphia,
 " WILLIAM PEPPER, "
 " S. WEIR MITCHELL, "
 " J. S. BILLINGS, U. S. A.; and also the
 Rt. Rev. THOMAS M. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.,
 Hon. WILLIAM M. EVARTS, LL.D.,
 GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, LL.D., and
 Mr. WHITELAW REID, of the N. Y. *Tribune*,
 as speakers; and
 Mr. NOAH BROOKS, of the N. Y. *Times*,
 " JOHN HABBERTON, " " *Herald*,
 " CHARLES A. DANA, " " *Sun*,
 " HORACE WHITE, " " *E'g Post*,
 " D. B. WAGGENER, " " *World*.

Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas, Dr. John C. Dalton, and Dr. William H. Draper were selected to represent the Medical Profession, but the last two declined, on the ground that there would not be time for so many speakers.

COMMITTEE ON TICKETS.

Dr. EDWARD G. LORING,
 “ JOHN G. CURTIS,
 “ FREDK. R. STURGIS,
 “ GEORGE G. WHEELOCK,
 “ PAUL F. MUNDÉ.
 “ CLEMENT CLEVELAND.
 “ BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

COMMITTEE ON TOASTS.

Dr. T. GAILLARD THOMAS,
 “ ROBERT F. WEIR,
 “ JOHN C. DALTON,
 “ WILLIAM H. DRAPER.

As Delmonico's large dining-hall can seat only two hundred and twenty-five, and it appeared probable that more than this number might wish to attend the dinner,—which it was decided should be given April 12th,—the four weekly medical journals of this city published the names of the committee from whom tickets could be obtained, with the announcement that no tickets were to be sold after April 1st. One week before this time, every ticket had been taken, and very many, by either their carelessness or dilatoriness, were disappointed, and thus deprived of the pleasure of attending.

THE DINNER.

The subscribers and guests, as they assembled, were received by the Dinner Committee in the spacious parlors adjoining the banquet-hall, and presented to Dr. HOLMES by Dr. Barker. At eight o'clock, nearly an hour having been spent in pleasant conversation, making new acquaintances, and renewing old ones, the doors of the dining-room were thrown open, and all the seats at the tables upon the main floor were soon filled. A few moments later Dr. HOLMES entered, leaning upon the arm of Dr. Barker, and was followed by the invited guests. Round after round of applause greeted this procession as it filed into the hall and the gentlemen took their seats upon the dais.

Nearly all present were physicians. The gathering was emphatically medical. The six tables were arranged as illustrated upon the diagram at the close of the volume.

The table of honor was spread at the upper end of the room upon the dais, and the guests were seated on either side of the guest of honor and Dr. Barker.

On the *right* were Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, Dr. J. T. Metcalfe, Mr. George Wm. Curtis, Dr. S. O. Vander Poel, Dr. J. S. Billings, Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, Dr. T. A. Emmet, and Dr. A. C. Post.

On the *left* were Right Rev. Dr. Clark, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Dr. J. C. Dalton, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Dr. T. G.

Thomas, Dr. Wm. Detmold, Dr. T. M. Markoe, Dr. J. P. Gray, Dr. J. Anderson, and Dr. I. E. Taylor.

The decorations were not profuse, but were in good taste. Three banks of flowers stood upon the table of honor, one in front of Dr. Barker, and the others near the ends. Bunches of cut flowers, brightly-colored and fragrant, placed here and there, decorated the five long tables, and these were supported by many potted tropical plants.

Stubbs' orchestra was stationed in the gallery and rendered acceptably popular airs, while the bustle of conversation, the tinkling of glasses, and the rattling of china-ware among the banqueting host ascended like a harmonious chorus. Several ladies, also, were seated in the gallery.

The *menu* was printed in book form, bound heavily in plush of different colors, wine-color, blue, écru, and dark green predominating, the covers being ornamented with a gilt design, consisting of a scalpel and pen crossing each other, and surrounded by a wreath. Upon the first leaf of the book was inscribed: "Complimentary Dinner to Professor OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M.D., LL.D., by the Medical Profession of New York City, April 12, 1883."

" You know your own degrees, sit down ;
At first and last, the hearty welcome."

MENU.

*		*		*		*
	*		*		*	
*		*		*		*

" Prithee no more : thou dost talk nothing to me."

" The hour 's now come ;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;
Obey and be attentive."

—" *The Tempest.*"

TOASTS.

GREETING.

Dr. FORDYCE BARKER.

" Sir, you are very welcome to our house ;
This must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant the breathing courtesy."

—" *Merchant of Venice.*"

OUR GUEST.

Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

" One would say, here is a man with such an abundance
of thought. He is never dull, never insincere, and has
the genius to make the reader care for all that he cares
for."

—*Emerson.*

THE CLERGY.

Rt. Rev. T. M. CLARK, D.D.

" He was a scholar and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading."

—" *King Henry VIII.*"

THE BAR.

Hon. WM. M. EVARTS.

* * * " Why might not that be the skull of a lawyer ?
Where be his quiddits now ?

—" *Hamlet.*"

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Dr. T. GAILLARD THOMAS.

She honors herself in honoring a favorite son.

LITERATURE.

GEO. WM. CURTIS.

"A kind of medicine in itself."

—"*Measure for Measure*."

THE PRESS.

WHITELAW REID.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."
—*Byron*.

"Good-night, good-night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night, till it be morrow."
—"*Romeo and Juliet*."

While the coffee was being poured, special messengers went hurriedly through the room distributing what purported to be a telegram from Boston, dated April 1, 1883, with a pen-and-ink sketch of Dr. Barker ringing a bell and saying:

"The dinner-bell, the dinner-bell,
Is ringing loud and clear;
Through hill and plain, through street and lane,
It echoes far and near";

and a sketch of Dr. HOLMES, with manuscript and bones under his arms, replying:

"I hear the voice—I go! I go!
Prepare your meat and wine;
They little heed their future need
Who pay not when they dine."—O. W. H.

TOASTS AND RESPONSES.

“The hour ’s now come ;
 The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;
 Obey and be attentive.” —“*The Tempest.*”

Greeting by Dr. FORDYCE BARKER :

“Sir, you are very welcome to our house ;
 This must appear in other ways than words ;
 Therefore I scant the breathing courtesy.”
 —“*Merchant of Venice.*”

BROTHERS:—I am sorry that I must rise now to commence this evening’s festivities with an expression of regret that you are to be deprived of the excellent, instructive, eloquent, and fascinating speech which I was intending to have made. We have been kept to such a late hour that politeness requires that I should give up my time to those who shall follow, and consequently I have no speech to make. My function will simply be to greet the guest of the evening, and to introduce those speakers who are to follow and supply you with the intellectual feast, which I hope will equal the material one that our Dinner Committee has so charmingly arranged and made so good, out of pure malice to me, and Mr. Delmonico has so beautifully and bountifully supplied, as to leave no time for my speech. [Applause.]

But I must greet our guest. And now Dr. HOLMES—it is no use ! I give it up ! I never could make a pretty speech to a man or to a woman, even when alone with either ; still less could I ever do such a thing in the presence of others. [Laughter.] It would be the height



of folly for me to attempt to make such a one in the presence of a gathering like this, when every one present knows exactly what I ought to say. Every one knows the reason for this dinner [applause], and every one over the English-reading world will understand why the dinner was given, and will thank us for it. All of us will remember this as a most happy reunion, and all young men present will feel it to be a stimulus hereafter for future work and future exertion, as showing how genius, talent, and honesty will always be appreciated by our profession. [Applause.] Furthermore, I will be followed by one in the profession who will make in some respects the speech which I ought to have made ; so as I have been set down for a greeting to Dr. HOLMES, and have ignominiously failed in my efforts to make it as I would wish, I shall call upon Dr. Andrew H. Smith, who, to quote a favorite phrase to be found in reviews of medical books, will "fill the gap." [Applause.]

Dr. SMITH responded in verse as follows :

You 've heard of the deacon's one-hoss shay
Which, finished in Boston the self-same day
That the city of Lisbon went to pot,
Did a century's service, and then was not.
But the record 's at fault which says that it *bust*
Into simply a heap of amorphous dust ;
For after the wreck of that wonderful tub,
Out of the ruins they saved a hub ;
And the hub has since stood for Boston town,
Hub of the Universe—note that down.
But an orderly hub, as all will own,
Must have something central to turn upon,

And, rubber-cushioned, and true, and bright,
 We have the *axle* here to-night.
 Thrice welcome, then, to our festal board
 The doctor-poet, so doubly stored
 With science as well as with native wit ;
 (*Poeta nascitur*, you know, *non fit* ;)
 Skilled to dissect with knife or pen,
 His subjects dead or living men ;
 With thoughts sublime on every page
 To swell the veins with virtuous rage,
 Or with a syringe to inject them
 With sublimate to disinfect them ;
 To show with demonstrator's art
 The complex chambers of the heart,
 Or, armed with a diviner skill,
 To make it pulsate at his will ;
 In generous verse to celebrate
 The loaves and fishes of some giver,
 And then proceed to demonstrate
 The lobes and fissures of the liver ;
 To soothe the pulses of the brain
 With poesy's enchanting strain,
 Or to describe to class uproarious
Pes hippocampi accessorius ;
 To nerve with fervor of appeal
 The sluggish muscles into steel,
 Or, pulling their attachments, show
 Whence they arise and where they go ;
 To fire the eye by *wit* consummate,
 Or draw the aqueous *humor* from it ;
 In times of peril give the tone
 To public feeling called backbone ;
 Or to discuss that question solemn,
 The muscles of the spinal column.

And now I close my artless ditty
 As per agreement with committee ;
 And making place for those more able,
 I leave the subject on the table.

Yet one word more. I 've had my pride
 As *medicus* most sorely tried,
 When Englishmen who sometimes show
 Of things American, you know,
 An ignorance that is melancholy ;
 As Dr. HOLMES is very jolly,
 Assume that he must therefore be
 A Doctor of Divinity.
 So to avoid all chance of wrong,
 To medicine, or church, or song,
 Let Doctor HOLMES discarded be
 For OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M.D.

And now, for I really must come to an end,
 May the fate of the chaise be the fate of our friend :
 May he never break down, and never wear out,
 But a century old, or thereabout,
 Not feeling the weight of the years as they fly,
 Simply stop living when ready to die.

This greeting was often interrupted by laughter and
 applause.

Dr. BARKER :

Now, brothers, I charge you, fill your glasses in preparation for our toast-master, Dr. Noyes.

“ And let the Loving Cup go round,
 The Cup with blessed memories crowned,
 That flows whene'er we meet, my boys ;

No draught will hold one drop of sin
 If love be only well stirred in
 To keep it sound and sweet, my boys,
 To keep it sound and sweet."

[Prolonged applause.]

Dr. H. D. NOYES:

I. OUR GUEST.

"One would say, here is a man with such an abundance of thought. He is never dull, never insincere, and has the genius to make the reader care for all that he cares for."
—Emerson.

POEM BY DR. HOLMES.

When Dr. HOLMES rose to respond, the audience also rose and greeted him with three ringing cheers.

Have I deserved your kindness? Nay, my friends,
 While the fair banquet its illusion lends
 Let me believe it, though the blood may rush
 And to my cheek recall the maiden blush
 That o'er it flamed with momentary blaze
 When first I heard the honeyed words of praise;
 Let me believe it while the roses wear
 Their bloom unwithering in the heated air;
 Too soon, too soon, their glowing leaves must fall,
 The laughing echoes leave the silent hall,
 Joy drop his garland, turn his empty cup,
 And weary Labor take his burden up,—
 How weighs that burden they can tell alone
 Whose dial marks no moment as their own.

Am I your creditor? Too well I know
 How Friendship pays the debt it does not owe,

Shapes a poor semblance fondly to its mind,
 Adds all the virtues that it fails to find,
 Adorns with graces to its heart's content,
 Borrows from love what nature never lent,
 Till what with halo, jewels, gilding, paint,
 The veriest sinner deems himself a saint.
 Thus while you pay these honors as my due
 I owe my value's larger part to you,
 And in the tribute of the hour I see
 Not what I am, but what I ought to be.

Friends of the Muse, to you of right belong
 The first staid footsteps of my square-toed song;
 Full well I know the strong heroic line
 Has lost its fashion since I made it mine;
 But there are tricks old singers will not learn,
 And this grave measure still must serve my turn.
 So the old bird resumes the self-same note
 His first young summer wakened in his throat;
 The self-same tune the old canary sings,
 And all unchanged the bobolink's carol rings;
 When the tired songsters of the day are still
 The thrush repeats his long-remembered trill;
 Age alters not the crow's persistent caw,
 The Yankee's "Haow," the stammering Briton's "Haw";
 And so the hand that takes the lyre for you
 Plays the old tune on strings that once were new.

Nor let the rhymester of the hour deride
 The straight-backed measure with its stately stride;
 It gave the mighty voice of Dryden scope;
 It sheathed the steel-bright epigrams of Pope;
 In Goldsmith's verse it learned a sweeter strain;
 Byron and Campbell wore its clanking chain;

I smile to listen while the critic's scorn
 Flouts the proud purple kings have nobly worn ;
 Bid each new rhymer try his dainty skill
 And mould his frozen phrases as he will ;
 We thank the artist for his neat device ;
 The shape is pleasing, though the stuff is ice.

Fashions will change—the new costume allures,
 Unfading still the better type endures ;
 While the slashed doublet of the cavalier
 Gave the old knight the pomp of chanticleer,
 Our last-hatched dandy with his glass and stick
 Recalls the semblance of a new-born chick ;
 (To match the model he is aiming at
 He ought to wear an egg-shell for a hat ;)—
 Which of these objects would a painter choose,
 And which Velasquez or Van Dyke refuse ?

When your kind summons reached my calm retreat,
 Who are the friends, I questioned, I shall meet ?
 Some in young manhood, shivering with desire
 To feel the genial warmth of fortune's fire,—
 Each with his bellows ready in his hand
 To puff the flame just waiting to be fanned ;
 Some heads half-silvered, some with snow-white hair,—
 A crown ungarnished glistening here and there,
 The mimic moonlight gleaming on the scalps
 As evening's empress lights the shining Alps ;
 But count the crowds that throng your festal scenes,
 How few that knew the century in its teens !

Save for the lingering handful fate befriends,
 Life's busy day the Sabbath decade ends ;
 When that is over, how with what remains
 Of nature's outfit, muscle, nerve, and brains ?

Were this a pulpit I should doubtless preach,
 Were this a platform I should gravely teach,
 But to no solemn duties I pretend
 In my vocation at the table's end ;
 So as my answer let me tell instead
 What Landlord Porter—rest his soul !—once said.

A feast it was that none might scorn to share ;
 Cambridge and Concord's demigods were there,—
 “ And who were they ? ” You know as well as I
 The stars long glittering in our Eastern sky,—
 The names that blazon our provincial scroll
 Ring round the world with Britain's drumbeat roll !

Good was the dinner, better was the talk ;
 Some whispered, devious was the homeward walk ;
 The story came from some reporting spy,—
 They lie, those fellows,—oh, how they *do* lie !
 Not ours those foot-tracks in the new-fallen snow,—
 Poets and sages never zig-zagged so !

Now Landlord Porter, grave, concise, severe,
 Master, nay, monarch in his proper sphere,
 Though to belles-lettres he pretended not,
 Lived close to Harvard, so knew what was what ;
 And having bards, philosophers, and such,
 To eat his dinner, put the finest touch
 His art could teach, those learned mouths to fill
 With the best proofs of gustatory skill ;
 And finding wisdom plenty at his board,
 Wit, science, learning, all his guests had stored,
 By way of contrast, ventured to produce,
 To please their palates, an inviting goose.

Better it were the company should starve
 Than hands unskilled that goose attempt to carve ;
 None but the master-artist shall assail
 The bird that turns the mightiest surgeon pale.

One voice arises from the banquet-hall,—
 The landlord answers to the pleading call ;
 Of stature tall, sublime of port he stands,
 His blade and bident gleaming in his hands ;
 Beneath his glance the strong-knit joints relax
 As the weak knees before the headsman's axe.

And Landlord Porter lifts his glittering knife
 As some stout warrior armed for bloody strife ;
 All eyes are on him ; some in whispers ask,
 What man is he who dares this dangerous task ?
 When lo ! the triumph of consummate art,
 With scarce a touch the creature drops apart !
 As when the baby in his nurse's lap
 Spills on the carpet a dissected map.

Then the calm sage, the monarch of the lyre,
 Critics and men of science all admire,
 And one whose wisdom I will not impeach,
 Lively, not churlish, somewhat free of speech,
 Speaks thus : " Say, master, what of worth is left
 In birds like this, of breast and legs bereft ? "
 And Landlord Porter, with uplifted eyes,
 Smiles on the simple querist, and replies :
 " When from a goose you 've taken legs and breast,
 Wipe lips, thank God, and leave the poor the rest ! "

Kind friends, sweet friends, I hold it hardly fair
 With that same bird your minstrel to compare,

Yet in a certain likeness we agree,
 No wrong to him and no offence to me ;
 I take him for the moral he has lent,
 My partner,—to a limited extent.

When the stern Landlord whom we all obey
 Has carved from life its seventh great slice away,
 Is the poor fragment left in blank collapse
 A pauper remnant of unvalued scraps ?

I care not much what Solomon has said,
 Before his time to nobler pleasures dead ;
 Poor man ! he needed half a hundred lives
 With such a babbling wilderness of wives !
 But is there nothing that may well employ
 Life's winter months,—no sunny hour of joy ?

While o'er the fields the howling tempests rage,
 The prisoned linnet warbles in its cage ;
 When chill November through the forest blows,
 The greenhouse shelters the untroubled rose ;
 Round the high trellis creeping tendrils twine,
 And the ripe clusters fill with blameless wine ;
 We make the vine forget the winter's cold,
 But how shall age forget its growing old ?

Though doing right is better than deceit,
 Time is a trickster it is fair to cheat ;
 The honest watches ticking in your fobs
 Tell every minute how the rascal robs.
 To clip his forelock and his scythe to hide,
 To lay his hour-glass gently on its side,
 To slip the cards he marked upon the shelf
 And deal him others you have marked yourself,
 If not a virtue cannot be a sin,
 For the old rogue is sure at last to win.

What does he leave when life is wellnigh spent
 To lap its evening in a calm content ?
 Art, letters, science, these at least befriend
 Our day's brief remnant to its peaceful end,—
 Peaceful for him who shows the setting sun
 A record worthy of his Lord's Well done !

When he, the master whom I will not name,
 Known to our calling, not unknown to fame,
 At life's extremest verge half conscious lay,
 Helpless and sightless, dying day by day,
 His brain, so long with varied wisdom fraught,
 Filled with the broken enginery of thought,
 A flitting vision often would illumine
 His darkened world, and cheer its deepening gloom,—
 A sunbeam struggling through the long eclipse,—
 And smiles of pleasure play around his lips.
 He loved the art that shapes the dome and spire ;
 The Roman's page, the ring of Byron's lyre,
 And oft when fitful memory would return
 To find some fragment in her broken urn,
 Would wake to life some long-forgotten hour,
 And lead his thought to Pisa's terraced tower,
 Or trace in light before his rayless eye
 The dome-crowned Pantheon printed on the sky ;
 Then while the view his ravished soul absorbs
 And lends a glitter to the sightless orbs,
 The patient watcher feels the stillness stirred
 By the faint murmur of some classic word,
 Or the long roll of Harold's lofty rhyme,
 "Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime,"—
 Such were the dreams that soothed his couch of pain,
 The sweet nepenthe of the worn-out brain.

Brothers in art, who live for others' needs
 In duty's bondage, mercy's gracious deeds,

Of all who toil beneath the circling sun
 Whose evening rest than yours more fairly won?
 Though many a cloud your struggling morn obscures,
 What sunset brings a brighter sky than yours?

I, who your labors for a while have shared,
 New tasks have sought, with new companions fared,
 For nature's servant far too often seen
 A loiterer by the waves of Hippocrene;
 Yet round the earlier friendship twines the new,
 My footsteps wander, but my heart is true,
 Nor e'er forgets the living or the dead
 Who trod with me the paths where science led.

How can I tell you, O my loving friends!
 What light, what warmth your joyous welcome lends
 To life's late hour? Alas! my song is sung,
 Its fading accents falter on my tongue.
 Sweet friends, if, shrinking in the banquet's blaze,
 Your blushing guest must face the breath of praise,
 Speak not too well of one who scarce will know
 Himself transfigured in its roseate glow;
 Say kindly of him what is, chiefly, true,
 Remembering always he belongs to you;
 Deal with him as a truant, if you will,
 But claim him, keep him, call him brother still!

At the close of this poem, which was read with a voice full of expressive modulations, the whole audience rose, waving their napkins, and cheering for some minutes.

Dr. BARKER :

I remember to have read in the writings of some eminent and ancient philosopher—I am sure it was either Plato, or Aristotle, or the Professor at the Breakfast

Table [laughter]—that there is one striking characteristic in common between surgeons and theologians, in that both have a certain kind of professional hardness, the quality being more marked in the latter. Now, whether Pharaoh, who was said to have had great practice in this hardening process, was the prototype of the surgeons and theologians I will not now undertake to discuss. [Laughter.] I do not propose to defend the surgeons, because, possibly, there may be a good deal of foundation for the remark ; nor do I propose to attack them, because I have Sands in my eye [applause], and our most eminent surgeons before me, all armed with a knife, so it might be dangerous.

As regards both professions, I think that all who have lived long enough must have noticed a most rapid progress and marked improvement, with reference to the characteristic to which the philosopher referred. Whether that improvement be due to the writings of the philosopher or to other causes, it is not now pertinent to ask. But I am sure that you all must have observed that this hardness rapidly melts away, where both the theologians and the surgeons become intimate with physicians. [Laughter.] At all events, I am quite sure that the innate and acquired hardness of the theologian who is with us this evening will on this occasion be carefully repressed. I have great pleasure in coupling with the next toast the name of Rt. Rev. T. M. Clark, Bishop of Rhode Island.

Dr. NOYES:

II. THE CLERGY.

"He was a scholar and a ripe and good one, exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading."

—"King Henry VIII."

Response by Rt. Rev. T. M. CLARK, D.D., Bishop of Rhode Island.

DR. BARKER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION:

I have only a word to say concerning the matter of professional hardness, to which reference has been made. I have during the last twenty-five or thirty years had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with our venerable presiding officer [laughter], and he imagines that he has had some effect upon theologians, and perhaps he has in certain ways. But I will say nothing further upon that subject. That is between ourselves.

I feel myself particularly honored in being allowed to join with you and your learned associates in rendering this tribute of affectionate homage to one of whom you have just cause to be proud, and who has made the world a cheerier place for us all. I am called to speak for the clergy; and although you might have found some other member of my profession who would have entertained you with loftier words than any which are at my command, you would have had to seek very far before you could have lighted upon one more heartily in sympathy with the inspiration which has called you together this evening. [Applause.] I was once invited to address the

lawyers of Boston at the great dinner of the Suffolk Bar, and I began with remarking that I could not but regard it as an act of special magnanimity on their part to invite a clergyman to participate in their festivities, inasmuch as we not only did very little personally to increase their revenues, but also put forth our best efforts to keep other people from falling into their hands. [Laughter.] I have no such sense of incongruity on this occasion, because I remember that in the beginning the clerical and medical professions were the same. The *materia medica* and the *materia theologica* were the same. The function of the priest and the function of the doctor were the same, and it was very simple—consisting simply in exorcising the bad spirits, who were at once the authors of both gastric and moral diseases, and their vocation was discharged. Medicine and theology moved on together hand in hand, until at last it was found out that the main thing to be done is to exterminate as far as possible the occasions of disease and the occasions of sin.

I must resist the temptation to preach a sermon from this text, which is much easier to do when one is used to it, than to make an after-dinner speech. [Laughter.] I will simply revert to the fact that the medicine-man and the priest were originally one and the same person. Has it ever occurred to you, Dr. Barker, that we may be working back, in some sense, to the old idea? I do not mean to the use of exorcisms, and amulets, and charms, and incantations, and fumigations, in our practice, but are we not beginning to recognize the fact that a "medicine-man" may be also something more, and have a priesthood to dis-



charge? [Applause.] Why are we here to-night? Is it simply to greet a distinguished professor of anatomy, a wise dispenser of pills, and potions, and boluses? Is it not also to honor one who belongs to the priesthood of science, and art, and literature, and humanity? [Applause.] Our honored guest has never been formally ordained to any priestly function, and has never, so far as I know, worn a surplice or been addressed as reverend [laughter]; but he has helped us to bear the burdens and ills of life more patiently, he has brought light and joy into many a dreary dwelling, he has "ministered to the mind diseased"; and therefore we extend to him the "right hand of fellowship." [Applause.] It would have been in bad taste if the great physicians of New York had invited their eminent brother to a pure and simple medical entertainment, and recognized him only in his anatomical capacity. When Dr. HOLMES is present, there are other things to be thought of besides bones, and lesions, and articulations. In the popular mind he is not associated primarily with drugs, and it is difficult to think of him as ever giving to a poor man any thing that it is hard to take. [Laughter.] A gentleman in Boston with whom I had a slight acquaintance once said to me that if he was ever sick enough to have a minister, he would be glad to have me call at his house; which I understood to mean that he did not care to see me except in an emergency. [Laughter.] So I might say that if I were ill, I would be glad to have Dr. HOLMES by my bedside [laughter]; but it would be rather for the sake of his presence and the magnetism of his talk than because of any craving for the salts and senna he might

prescribe. [Laughter.] Of course, I have no doubts as to his professional skill, and if he had not been great in so many other ways, he might be known simply as The Great Doctor; but with most of us it has always seemed a pity, that one who can minister so effectually to the immortal part of man should give so much time in dealing with the poor, frail mortal casket in which that spirit temporarily dwells. [Applause.]

I wonder if the Doctor knows how much sunlight he has brought into many a poor parson's study, and what a relief it sometimes is to turn from the Athanasius of the schools to the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, from the dry, dreary pages of Turretin to the Deacon's Master-piece, and from Poole's Synopsis to poor Elsie Venner. [Applause.] If wit is the highest wisdom, as in its best form it certainly is, how much we learn from him. I refer, of course, to Dr. HOLMES, and not to Mr. Poole. We weep and smile by turns, as we read; for, ever and anon a rift of sunshine breaks in upon the rain, and the song of the bird is heard above the moaning of the sea; and whether we are most refreshed by the laughing or the crying it is not always easy to say. [Applause.] Whatever chord he strikes, an echo comes back from the heart, prompt and clear. When he takes the lyre in hand, we are inclined to say: "Sing on, O Versifier, forever!" When he moralizes, we say: "Prose away, O Autocrat, till you are tired—we shall never tire!" When he takes his brush in hand to paint the "pale school-mistress," and "the old gentleman opposite," we say: "Stick to the canvas always, and let every thing else go!" And when he lectures on anatomy, I pre-

sume that the skeleton is endowed with life; but as few of us have had the privilege of meeting him in the dissecting-room, we cannot speak so confidently of his attractiveness there. [Laughter.]

I have strayed far away from my text, having been called upon to respond to "The Clergy," but as you well know, Dr. Barker, this is a habit we have [laughter]; the temptation to jump the fence [great laughter] and stroll off into more flowery paths is sometimes irresistible—never more so than it is this evening. I suppose, however, that I ought to say something about my own profession before closing, but the only thing that occurs to me as specially appropriate to the occasion is this: We of the clergy are very proud of Dr. HOLMES, because he is, as it were, one of us. If he had not had a father the Autocrat would not have been [laughter]; and that father was a clergyman. So that the Doctor is really one of our productions, and in a certain sense we feel that we may take the credit of all that he has ever said or written. [Laughter.] We are under great obligations to the father for giving us such a son. [Laughter and applause.] If the young man could have been induced to study for the ministry, what a preacher he would have made! It might have been necessary that he should curb his prancings a little if he had mounted the pulpit [laughter], and perhaps to modify some of his opinions in order to have become a sound divine [prolonged laughter]—it may be better as it is; it is not every Pegasus that works well in harness. [Applause.]

In taking up the other day my old, well-worn, green-

covered copy of "Holmes' Poems," I was surprised by the date on the title-page—1836—within three years of half a century ago. Strangely enough, in the preface to this book he speaks of himself as an actor [laughter], who, on the occasion of his last appearance on the stage, "folds his robes and makes his bow to the audience." [Laughter.] "I now willingly retire," he says, "to more quiet labors [laughter], which, if less exciting, are more certain to be acknowledged as useful and received with gratitude." Our veteran Professor had then reached the mature age of twenty-seven [laughter], but his sun was actually just rising. It has blazed away pretty steadily ever since. Long may it be before that sun goes down in glory! [Applause.]

It is always an awkward thing to eulogize a man when he is present. "We do not dare to talk as *glibly* as we can." If the good Doctor had remained at home this evening, we should have had more liberty. And yet, upon the whole, we are glad that he is here [applause], and perhaps he also is glad to be here, for the most modest man, when he is conscious that he has done something for the world, likes to know that his work is appreciated.

In the green-covered volume to which I have just referred, there may be found a little poem, entitled "The Last Reader," in which the author imagines himself to have outlived all who read "his own sweet songs," and all who care about them, except himself, thus giving vent to his despondent mood :

“ And when my name no more is heard,
 My lyre no more is known,
 Still let me, like a winter's bird,
 In silence and alone,
 Fold over them the weary wing
 Once flashing through the dews of spring.”

The “winter's bird” certainly does not find himself “in silence and alone” this evening, and if he feels like “folding the weary wing”—as he probably will before the night is over [laughter]—it cannot be because “his name no more is heard, his lyre no more is known.”

Mr. President, I have detained you longer than I meant to do, and I close with a sentiment which our distinguished guest may recognize as having been stolen from him:

The true Knight of Learning, the world holds him dear ;
 Love bless him, joy crown him, God speed his career !

[Great applause.]

Dr. BARKER :

Many present undoubtedly had the pleasure of listening to an address delivered at the commencement exercises of one of our medical colleges some years ago, by a most distinguished member of the New York Bar ; an address filled with sound advice and solid wisdom, brilliant wit and humor, which must have left its impress upon every one who was present. In this address, those who were about to receive diplomas were told, with *fine emphasis*, that Benjamin Franklin had said that every man at forty was either a fool or a physician, but that it was their

peculiar privilege to be both, one by nature and one by diploma. [Laughter.]

In this address, the two professions, medicine and law, were compared and contrasted. The functions of the two were quite different: that of the former being to take care of the carcass, that of the latter to look after the fleece. He illustrated the latter point by the story of a prominent lawyer who had arranged to go abroad for his summer vacation, but found that he must give up his plans, as he had learned that a great will case was to be tried, and, if he should be absent, there was the danger that the heirs would get all the property. [Laughter.]

I have, however, found that lawyers and doctors are usually friends. They have one characteristic in common: that is, both professions are disinterested; they both work for others instead of themselves. Then they never prey on each other. The fleece of the doctors is rarely worth the looking after by the lawyers. [Laughter.]

Then, as to the carcass of the lawyers. As a consequence of the excessive tax of brain power in the arduous work of their profession, the ascetic lives which they always lead, the meagre diet on which they are known to subsist, their rigid abstinence from those fluids which are supposed to quicken digestion and promote assimilation,—to carry out the mutton metaphor,—their carcass fails to secure that proper development of the fat with the lean, necessary to make it of any market value. [Great laughter.]

But we always love to meet the lawyers—except in the

court room, when we are to be cross-examined by them, —and we are always greatly delighted to hear their trained and eloquent speakers. [Applause.]

I have great pleasure in associating with the next toast the name of the Hon. Wm. M. Evarts.

Dr. NOYES:

III. THE BAR.

* * * “Why might that not be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now?” —“*Hamlet.*”

Response by the Hon. WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

DR. BARKER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION:

It gave me the greatest delight to be thought by your profession to be worthy to represent my own in joining in the tribute to the genius and worth of Dr. HOLMES, which all the professions equally delight in sharing, and in which we assume in this as in the main conduct of the affairs of the world, to represent the people who do not belong to either of the liberal professions. I confess to a considerable satisfaction in the admirable impression which these collected members of your noble profession have produced upon me, and, if you will allow me to say it, in feeling how much pleasanter it is to be asked to meet three hundred doctors than to ask one to meet you. [Laughter.] An English traveller in the early part of the century, a lawyer like myself, had found in an old German book on medicine from a very great and eminent physician something, you may imagine, not in a humorous form,

for he spoke in the greatest seriousness, but something rather of oddity. This writer, attracting attention to the valuable instructions of his work and to the great power and services of his profession, laid down this sweeping proposition—that all the diseases, all the ills that flesh is heir to, all accidents requiring surgical aid,—all had their origin, all were bestowed upon the human race in order that a skilful and learned profession might be educated by their means. [Laughter.] I do not know but that after all, at bottom, there is a good deal of feeling on the part of the three learned professions that that is the true view of human affairs. Estate, body, and mind! they make up, do they not?—they are all that is visible, all that is interesting, all that is important, in human affairs? And, abandoning in our profession the Latin earlier than you of the clergy in your prayers, or you of the medical profession in your prescriptions, we all have the same word to cover our relations respectively to human affairs. The lawyer has the care of estates and of interests, the clergyman the cure of souls, and the physician the cure of the body; and as the sheep are for the shepherd, so those taken care of are for those who take care of them. [Prolonged laughter.]

I have pointed out once before to an assembly of young physicians the striking advantage which at the start you gentlemen had; for though, alas! everybody has not an estate, and everybody has not a mind, yet everybody has a body. [Laughter.] And although we thus hunt the human race in different paths, as civilization opens them to us, we are all sure to be in at the death [laughter];



and although it is a cheerless moment, yet to us there are assuaging circumstances. [Prolonged laughter.] I believe Dr. Barker—and perhaps I am warranted in believing by the not infrequent kind allusions which I hear made to the medical address that I once had the honor of delivering to five thousand people in the Academy of Music, and which you have just referred to—that if I had been a medical professor I might have taught the medical students how to talk [laughter]—which you say they are somewhat deficient in. But I do not like altogether to have any maimed sentence or view of mine, which I laid out so elaborately then, made to express imperfectly the truth I sought to unfold of these healthful relations between the different professions and their dominancy over human affairs, for I drew one interesting discrimination, which you have omitted, in favor of that profession so well represented to-night by the Bishop [applause], in contrasting our relations to mankind—that where members of his profession were sent out, as we all know, as sheep among wolves, we and you are sent out as wolves among sheep. [Laughter.] But we have always known enough not to pursue with any of our hostilities the clerical profession, although they tempt us by that guise of sheep [laughter], for we know that they are not sheep [laughter], and it is they who have a disguise and not we who openly go forth like wolves among the human race. [Great laughter.]

Now this German doctor had in his odd fancy this degree of truth at least, that for the instruction of man-

kind and for the development of the great intelligence, the great philanthropy, and the great service that the different professions yield to mankind, these opportunities and these occasions were rendered in all the scheme of human life. May we not vary, then, the language which the great player used for human affairs from an analogy to his profession, and may we not wisely say

“All the world 's a school,
And all the men and women in it scholars” ?

[Applause.]

Dr. HOLMES has the advantage of being born and living near to Boston [laughter]—a place which no one leaves early in life without feeling it a great advantage to have done so [laughter], and no one perhaps first learned late in life without feeling that he is glad he has seen it before he dies. [Laughter.] Having the advantage myself of having been born and bred there, I can only compare notes with Dr. HOLMES upon the question which of us he thinks, on the whole, was the wiser—I in leaving it as soon as I had got all the good out of it that was to be had [laughter], and looking for the wider sphere of New York for this exercise of my profession of a wolf among sheep. [Laughter.] As for the fame that New York can ever bestow upon a resident and lover of Boston, as Dr. HOLMES is, there is nothing in that. [Laughter.] The only curiosity the Doctor had in this matter of fame was to see how a Boston fame would sound echoed in New York [laughter], and I think I may say that it sounds very well to him; for there is not a note or tone in the

anthem of his praise in Boston, which is not reverberated throughout the whole capacity of this vast city, in greater voice and volume. [Repeated applause.]

I have never known how the Boston people were able to put up so long with Dr. HOLMES [laughter], who, while he furnished a great deal of reputation to Boston, took to himself also a principal share of the reputation of Boston. [Laughter.] Sir Henry Maine says that a traveller repeating a visit to New Zealand, and inquiring for an old and a wise man, whom he had noticed on his previous visit, was told by the New Zealand chief: "Well, he gave us so much good advice that we were obliged to put him away." [Laughter.] But our civilization curbs even the national ferocity of the Boston people, and while, by the methods of conveyance now in use, Dr. HOLMES can slip away into so ample a heart as New York opens to him, he need not feel afraid that it will be necessary for the Boston people to put him away. [Applause.]

And now, gentlemen, is it not fit, as we are all professional men, as the rest of the world are shut out, and as what is said here to-night will never go any farther [laughter]—is it not fit for us—does not our character for truth require us to admit that we are really the savers and protectors of society? [Laughter.] Why should we hide it even from ourselves? Let us nerve ourselves from these reflections to move in a more animated, more vigorous, more comprehensive pursuit of our several interests. [Laughter.] Let us understand that the laborer is worthy of his hire [laugh-

ter], and that those who are not willing to be aided by professional skill in parting with their property—and with their lives [laughter]—are unworthy of serious consideration. [Laughter and applause.]

Dr. BARKER :

I presume every one present will admit that the most prominent characteristic of the medical profession is its extreme modesty, and we have illustrated it this evening in that of all these brilliant speakers we have only one to represent ourselves. I had thought out a beautiful and true speech with regard to the one who is to respond for us, but as he is just convalescing from an attack of malarial fever, and consequently still remains shaky [laughter], I fear the shock to his modesty would be so great as to impair his force, and that he would not do himself justice if I should give utterance to those expressions which I had previously prepared. Consequently I will forbear, and in calling upon the toast-master will couple with the next toast the name of T. Gaillard Thomas. [Applause.]

Dr. NOYES :

IV. THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

She honors herself in honoring a favorite son.

Response by Dr. T. GAILLARD THOMAS :

DR. BARKER AND GENTLEMEN :

Not very long ago an English gentleman was called upon in this city to reply to an after-dinner toast under very much the same circumstances as those in



which I find myself placed to-night. He began his remarks by stating that it was an exceedingly trying ordeal for him to be called upon by an American audience to stand upon his feet and make a speech. One of the gentlemen who has preceded me to-night succeeded him on that occasion, and he began his remarks by saying that if his English friend had understood an American audience a little better than he did, he would have sincerely congratulated himself that it had not called upon him to stand upon his head and make a speech. [Laughter.] I feel to-night a very sincere sympathy for that Englishman, but I differ from him in some respects. In the first place, just at the present moment I am feeling a certain degree of doubt, which I sincerely hope will pass off as I proceed, as to which extremity of my long diameter the audience has placed me on to make my speech. [Laughter.] In the second, it is not at all the American audience to which I object, but the fact that a poor doctor is called upon to speak in the presence of representatives of the pulpit, the bar, literature, and the press. Everybody knows that if there be one thing more than another for which a medical man is utterly unfit, it is the making of a public and unwritten address, while every one equally well knows that to these gentlemen the art of speaking comes spontaneously. From their mouths words pour forth even as the sparks fly upward. Let an audience place one of them upon his feet, or for that matter, I verily believe it would make no difference if it placed him upon his head [laughter]; touch a spring which these gentlemen keep concealed

about them somewhere, and which, judging from the experience of this evening, I should think, Dr. Barker, you understood the working of most perfectly, and off they go without let or hindrance. [Laughter and applause.] After that, like Tennyson's Brook,

Men may come and men may go
But they flow on forever.

As I listen to these gentlemen, as I have done to two of them to-night, and as I shall do to two more after I have finished, for I have been most ingeniously, I might say most cruelly, sandwiched between an upper and a nether millstone [laughter], my very soul grows green within me with envy, and it is envy entirely unmixed with admiration ; for, who can admire even such oratorical efforts as those we have heard this evening, when we know as a positive fact that they are merely spontaneous ebullitions which cost neither effort nor labor. [Laughter.] I feel about them very much as the Irishman did when he was shown the great cataract of Niagara by a grandiloquent guide, who begged him to observe how millions of gallons of water hurled themselves with resistless force from the river's rocky bed above to fall with deafening resonance into the yawning abyss below. The Irishman, unaffected by the grandiloquence of his guide, simply looked up and remarked : " Well, what 's to hinder ? " [Laughter and applause.]

But I am free to confess that if there be a medical man here to-night who can find no kindly sentiments to express and no fitting words in which to clothe them,

he must indeed be barren in thought and bankrupt in speech, for we are met here to-night to do honor to one whose whole life has been passed in shedding lustre upon our guild [applause]; whose glory has become our glory, and whose worth and merit have caused a united profession to place him upon a pedestal upon whose base you may plainly read, for is it not written in letters of gold—the legend, “*Hoc meum ornamentum est !*” [Applause.] And why should our honored guest of this evening have been selected from so many for the position of honor to which he has been so unanimously called? Surely there are many others who have gained as much renown in the practice of medicine as he; others who have trod the rostrum of the lecture-room with equal brilliancy and success; and many others who have spent equally long lives with loyal devotion to the dignity of our art. Then why should he have been singled out for especial honor at our hands? Where the distinction of the physician ordinarily ends, that of our guest begins. Having gained the Ultima Thule of medical fame, he has there launched his bark and sailed into other seas. [Applause.] It is he who has taught us the important lesson, that the physician who has become distinguished in his own profession need not stop there and remain a man of narrow views and of one idea, but that he may at the same time become a leader in ethical culture and an ornament to literature! More than any physician who has lived in our day, indeed I think that I am correct in saying, more than any physician who has lived in any day, he has successfully striven to bridge over that wide and yawning chasm which, for some un-

accountable reason, has seemed to exist between medicine and society at large. [Applause.] More than any other, he has succeeded in bringing our profession into genial and pleasant contact with the world. I do not by any means pretend to say that in this good work he has stood alone, for were I to do so would not the names of Fielding and of Goldsmith; of Akenside, like our guest, the poet-physician of his day; and of the writer of the charming tale of "Rab and his Friends," rise up in contradiction? [Applause.] And do we not in our own day see the eminent Virchow, than whose name none is mentioned in a medical assemblage in the nineteenth century with greater respect, laying aside that microscope which has accomplished so much for medicine [applause], to engage with success in the political arena of his country; Sir Henry Thompson, seeking respite from his labors with sound and lithotrite, in painting pictures which hold their own in the Royal Academy of England [applause]; and Seymour Haden, temporarily relinquishing his bistoury to lead the world in the beautiful and fascinating art of etching? But what I do claim as the distinguishing characteristic of our guest, is his felicitous combination of the renown of the physician with the glory of the poet, the philosopher, and the prose writer. [Applause.] And by what secret power has he accomplished this distinction apart from his own calling?

Some years ago a friend of mine told me a simple tale which so well illustrates this point that I will relate it here.

My friend was a colonel in the United States army,

and at the head of a body of mounted riflemen was sent to punish a band of recalcitrant Indians who had failed to show that filial regard and grateful love for the government of the United States which the aborigines of this country ought so naturally to feel. [Laughter.] As a guide for his expedition he had one of those curious characters who are met with in the far West. He was a man who had passed his whole life as a trapper in the Rocky Mountains; silent, self-contained, morose, and ascetic. My friend the colonel, deeming it advisable that two important officers of such an expedition should have friendly relations with each other, strove many a time and oft to establish terms of amity with this man, but always in vain; the saturnine guide invariably repulsed his advances with coldness, so that at the end of two or three months a relation of hostility and almost of absolute hatred had grown up between these two. One night as the colonel, enveloped in his blanket and surrounded by his troops, was lying before a camp fire, about three o'clock in the night, he was awoken by a peculiar chuckling sound, as of one trying to suppress laughter which he found difficult to restrain. Raising himself upon his elbow, what was his surprise to discover his misanthropic guide lying prone upon the earth and poring over an old, well-thumbed, and tattered volume which lay before him. "What are you reading," asked the colonel, "which at this strange hour of the night excites your laughter?" "I am reading this," replied the guide, handing the volume over to him, and to his amazement my friend discovered that he had been poring over that terrible, weird,

gruesome, and blood-curdling tale, "The Spectre Pig." [Laughter.] The colonel then drew near the fire, and together he and the guide read over this poem and several others, among them "The Last Leaf," "The Ballad of the Oysterman," and others still, 'til, "like lobster boiled, the morn came o'er the eastern hills." And curious to relate, the colonel and the guide were sworn friends from that self-same hour. The genius of the poet had touched the chord which led to the wild trapper's soul; it had accomplished "that one touch of nature which makes all mankind kin." [Applause.]

As the poet's genius effected this for this rough, untutored hunter in the wilds of the far West, so has it done throughout the civilized world wherever the art of printing is known, for the prince in his palace, and for the peasant in his hut; for the sailor upon the roaring seas, and for the soldier by the fire of the bivouac; for the votary of pleasure in the halls of dissipation, and for the sick man upon his pallet in the hospital wards; for the mother as she croons her babe to sleep in the cradle, and for the father in his intervals of labor as he wins bread for them both. [Applause.] All have felt the magnetic influence of this wizard of the pen; of this man whose hand with God-given power has given vent to a rushing stream which has borne, in singular admixture, on its surface wit and wisdom, philosophy and humor, satire and sentiment.

And now, behold, this man who for so many years has been with us in the spirit manifests himself to us in the flesh; him whom for so long we have seen through a glass darkly, we now see face to face; and to us a happy

fortune has given the opportunity of letting him *vivâ voce* hear how justly we appreciate his life work, how sincerely his name is revered among us, and how truly he himself is beloved. [Applause.]

As I gaze around through this spacious hall, I see before me a better representation of the talent and dignity of the profession of medicine in this city than it has ever been my good fortune to witness before. I feel sure that I give honest voice to the sentiments of every man within the range of my vision when I turn to our honored guest and say, Welcome, thrice welcome, most cordially welcome, Dr. HOLMES, to the city of New York. [Great applause.] As in the monarchical towns of Europe you would on such an occasion as this be offered the freedom of the city, so do we, in this our republican land, in the same spirit, throw wide open to you the portals of our homes and of our hearts. [Applause.]

By that warmth of nature which has brought you into sunny contact with the whole world ; by that genial, kindly sympathy which has endeared you to all who know you ; by that subtle genius which has felicitously combined within you the attributes of philosopher, of poet, and physician ; by that nobility of spirit, that loftiness of soul, which are so beautifully illustrated in your daily life, we here claim you, joyously and proudly hail you, as our colleague, our friend, and our brother. Henceforth your joys shall be our joys, your sorrows our sorrows. [Applause.]

We pledge you, that the kindly regards, which we now offer you, shall endure from the pleasant hour, which we

here pass together, to that far-distant one when you shall leave us to occupy your predestined niche in the Walhalla of fame, enveloped, as in a garment, by an atmosphere of glory which will gild the sepulchre and embalm the name, that it may live forever among those immortal ones, which were not born to die. [Applause.]

Friends and brothers, I call upon you to pledge me once again to the honor and welcome of our guest.

Come fill up the goblet that sparkles and bubbles ;
 Drink deep of the wine as it foams ;
 There 's never a wight here so burdened with troubles
 But he 'll drink to the health of our HOLMES.

The man and the wine are in excellent keeping ;
 They both fill with pleasure the bowl,
 They both heal our sorrows, they both soothe our
 weeping,
 They both diffuse joy through the soul.

We 'll empty the wine-cup, that bright liquor drinking
 Which poets have called the divine !
 In joy and in sorrow we 'll forget not, I 'm thinking,
 To thank God for the man and the wine.

Then fill high the goblet that sparkles and bubbles ;
 Drink deep of the wine as it foams ;
 There 's never a wight here so burdened with troubles
 But he 'll drink now—Long life to our HOLMES !

[Prolonged applause, the audience standing while drinking to the sentiment].

Dr. BARKER :

I have often thought that the close alliance between medicine and literature is not generally appreciated.

One of the most important duties of the former is to relieve pain ; of the latter, to make happy. The mission of both is therefore health-preserving, curative, and life-saving.

Is there any statistician so able,—could even David A. Wells compute the millions of hours that have been added to the sum total of human happiness by even two authors, Scott and Dickens, and “ ’t is *not* sixty years since” ? Then add to this the host of other authors of the present century alone, and it would be as easy to number the sands of the seashore as to calculate the hours which have been added of “ life worth living,” by literature. No class of men more generally appreciate this, none more frequently utilize this knowledge than medical men.

I have very great pleasure in joining the name of George William Curtis with the next toast. [Applause.]

Dr. NOYES :

V. LITERATURE.

“ A kind of medicine in itself.”

—“ *Measure for Measure.*”

Response by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

DR. BARKER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION :

Medicine has spoken the praises of our guest, and the Church and Law. And as the Church disposes sat-

isfactorily of a man's mind, and Medicine summarily of his body [laughter], and Law most effectually of his estate [laughter], what remains for Literature to add of a doctor's subject so thoroughly disposed of, but that in literature he has chosen to build his most enduring monument? [Applause.]

All of the Faculties have claimed him, and in each he has taken honors. Each in turn has cried: "Hail Thane of Glamis! Hail Thane of Cawdor!" and now comes Literature, with its "All hail, that shall be king hereafter!" [Applause.] And what time, tell me, can be so fitting as this, for Literature in this city to greet its brother from New England? Longfellow sang in one of his earliest poems:

"Sweet April, many a heart
Is wedded unto thee as hearts are wed."

But to this particular April the heart of the whole country is wedded by a proud and tender memory, for it is the centenary month of the birth of that kindly genius of whom we may truly say that the long, and dreary, and frozen winter of our colonial literature was made glorious summer by this son of York. [Applause.] The city of New York, gentlemen, has many sins to answer for. [Laughter.] You need not tremble; I am not about to enumerate them, for I will not detain this company until mid-summer [laughter]; but surely it may condone many offences, that the city was the birthplace of our first humorist, Washington Irving, and of the first distinctive American literature. [Applause.]



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George William Curtis -

In 1835 Emerson wrote to Carlyle : " At New York, any thing literary has hitherto had no favor." But the most famous American author at the very time that he wrote was a New Yorker, and the first American book that still survives as a part of permanent literature is Knickerbocker's " History of New York." The old Puritan books we read no longer. Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, that austere Tenth Muse; the mighty Mathers; the nest of Connecticut nightingales, Humphreys and Dwight, and Barlow and Trumbull, and Hopkins and Hillhouse in a later day, have all encountered old Michael Wigglesworth's *Day of Doom*. Our literature in the last century, like our Government, was provincial and colonial. It did not declare its independence until the daring humor of a young son of New York plucked the venerable traditions of New Amsterdam by the beard, and turned the history of his native State into an immortal jest. [Applause.]

Of course I am too good a Yankee not to know that every good thing in the country comes, in the last analysis, from Plymouth Rock, and I do not doubt that the ingenuity of Yankee scholarship will yet show us that Irving was a Yankee. [Laughter.] My friend Bishop Clark has already shown us the clerical descent of our distinguished guest, and has ranked him among the theologians, and New England is quite capable of this process of ratiocination. [Laughter.] Irving's father was a Scotchman; the Scotch were Covenanters; the Covenanters were Presbyterians; the Presbyterians were Puritans; and the Puritans in their various immigrations to this country became Yankees. [Laughter.] It is thus

demonstrated that the son of the Scotchman was a Yankee, somehow astray upon the island of Manhattan. And this theory will be strongly supported by this other truth, that the Pilgrims whom Rip Van Winkle saw were evidently sons of Holland, who had brought with them so much "Hollands" under their jackets that somehow they stumbled ashore on the Catskill Mountain instead of Plymouth Rock. [Laughter.] But, nevertheless, we must admit that the Muses, frightened by Plutus and Mercury who early marked New Amsterdam for their own, have in the main preferred those other banks of the Charles, and that, in fact, upon those happy shores they have planted their HOLMES. [Applause.] Yet we dwellers upon the banks of the Hudson have this consolation, that here the genius of our literature arose, and has invested our city and our river and its shores with imperishable charms. As long as the story of the Revolution is told, "The Spy" will ride his rounds upon the neutral ground unchallenged and secure. As long as the Hudson pours through the stately gates of the Highlands to the sea,

"The middle watch of the summer's night,
When the earth is dark and the heavens are bright,"

will be given to the Culprit Fay. So long as the thunder rolls in the Western sky, the traveller upon our enchanted stream in the shadow of the Catskill will hear the mighty mountain game that Rip Van Winkle saw. And if any of you, gentlemen, happily neighbors of this city, shall endeavor to thread your way home to-night, through

Westchester, in the fitful gusts of the midnight breeze, you will hear the headlong flight of Ichabod Crane, and in the gleam of the struggling moon you will see the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow. [Applause.] How naturally the genius that has given us all these figures, that has peopled for us our own realm, welcomes this kindred genius from beyond the Connecticut. Diedrich Knickerbocker, with both hands outstretched, folds to his heart the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and confesses that if the old Yankee could not take his fort of New Amsterdam, the younger Yankee has captured the heart of New York. [Applause.] Leather-Stocking, leaning upon his rifle, muses that the wilderness and Pocahontas were a less happy home even for him than Boston and Dorothea. The Dutchman's Fireside glows and burns with hope and expectation at the coming of "The Guardian Angel." Marco Bozzaris flings aside his guarded tent at midnight to hear from Bunker Hill the tremendous summons: "Choose you this day whom you will serve." [Applause.] The Stout Gentleman nods to the Deacon in the "One-Horse Shay." The "Flood of Years," as it nears the main, pauses in its majestic course to hear with joy the celestial music of "The Chambered Nautilus"; and Doctor Drake, of New York, as he sings his immortal lyric:

"Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe but falls before us;
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner floating o'er us,"

finds his music mingling with that of Dr. HOLMES in his burning lines, which ring like a rattling broadside from his own "Ironsides":

" Nail to the mast our holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of Storms,
The lightning and the gale."

[Great applause.]

These two doctors have arrayed themselves in the glory of the flag, each urging the other with the glittering stripes of emulation, and a grateful country crowning both with the inextinguishable stars of national renown. [Applause.]

But if the earliest constellation that shone in our literary firmament arose a little to the south of New England, it was not long before the full splendor of Ursa Major filled the northern heavens. To the great literary group of New York—Irving, Cooper, Bryant (if the city of his residence may claim his fame), Halleck, Drake, Verplanck, and Paulding—succeeded a circle in Boston of a genius so various in accomplishment and achievement that, like the Round Table of King Arthur, it was "an image of the mighty world." [Applause.] Poets, romancers, historians, philosophers, essayists—masters in every art and in every science—were blended there into the goodliest literary fellowship whereof our Western world has record. Happier, possibly, than some of you, gentlemen, it has been my fortune to sit sometimes at their feasts—feasts for which glorious John Dryden would

have hurried from Will's, and Addison and Steele from Buttons; Johnson and Burke would have hastened from the Literary Society, and Sydney Smith and Jeffrey would have stolen from the Edinburgh Reviewers; and earlier, further, and first of all, Shakespeare and Beaumont and Ben would have come fraternally from the Mermaid, to see that in the literature of our Western world

“ Night's candles are burned out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top.”

[Applause.]

Gentlemen, one of the knights at that table sits this evening at ours. He has shown us again and again the sweet kinship of tears and laughter. His frolic fancy, tender sympathy, sparkling thought, and flashing wit have cheered and illuminated his own time as they will charm and brighten the days that follow ours. Your art, Dr. Barker, your art, gentlemen, and that for which I speak, may well contest his renown. But mark his own impartiality: While he professes medicine he practises literature; while he cools the fever that wastes the body he kindles the fires that ennoble the soul; and soothing mortal pain with cunning anodyne, he distils an immortal joy from the divine nepenthe of song. [Applause.] By a finer magic than your own, gentlemen, could I at this witching hour but touch your eyes for a moment, surely we should see by the side of our doubly laurelled guest the great Sydenham taking one hand, and the other should rest, not in that of Rabelais; no, but in those of Sir Thomas Browne, and of Dr. Oliver Goldsmith; and that

younger Brown, of Edinburgh, to whom my friend referred, would gladly own him as a brother; while his airy fancy and penetrating pathos would breathe softly in the ear of our poet, "My Master, My Master." [Great applause.] Well, sir, I respect his modesty. I shall not mention his name. Mention it? Why should I? He has written it indelibly upon the literature of his country, and upon the hearts of his countrymen. [Prolonged applause.]

Dr. BARKER:

All congratulate Boston in having *the* Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. The whole country is as proud of him and as fond of him as is Boston.

Yet the Daily Press of New York furnishes many thousand breakfast tables every day in the year, Sundays included, with an autocrat, without which the coffee would be muddy, the eggs not fresh, and the beefsteak tough.

We of the medical profession are all readers of the Daily Press, and are all fond of it. We never quarrel with it, because we never quarrel, except when we can have the last word. We always blush when we see our names in it, because we know that notoriety is not fame, and we were "born to blush unseen." [Laughter.] We sometimes blush for the Press, when we read medical articles in it; but we judge them leniently and charitably, because we know that those who write them have not had the same advantages of education as ourselves. We are always anxious to see this anonymous power behind the throne, and to learn whether they can think as

well on their feet as they can at their editorial tables, and whether they can speak as well as they write. [Applause.] I have now great pleasure in introducing Mr. Whitelaw Reid in connection with the next toast.

Dr. NOYES:

VI. THE PRESS.

“ But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.”
—*Byron*.

Response by WHITELAW REID.

DR. BARKER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION:

This is not an entirely new process of torture—this medical device of our good friend, Dr. Barker, to get the Editors, as he says, out from behind their professional screen. But looking about for the few laymen scattered here among the Doctors, one may be permitted to wonder at your choice of the victim. I do not so much refer to the equally eligible subjects at the more distant tables on either hand. As to them, with Cassius, “I said an elder, not a better soldier.” But if the new Editor of the old *Evening Post*, here near us, had not come from the West somewhat later than some others, you would surely not have given so placid and undisturbed a dinner to Horace White. As for the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*,—the only living editor who positively enjoys speaking for the Press on these occasions, and also the only one who positively gives

enjoyment to others when he does it,—if he had not already been set down for another profession to which he does equal honor, no man would have been willing to answer for the Press at a board where George William Curtis sat silent. [Applause.]

But if the Editors are unmasked to-night, what shall we say about the Doctors? If you are finding out by his poor words and halting manner how little and unimportant the mysterious "We" of a big newspaper may be, what do you think of your own exhibition? [Laughter.] There are, here present, at least a dozen of you from whom I myself have heard the most solemn and magisterial instructions as to how one should order his life, and particularly his dinner. Avoid late dinners; avoid crowded rooms [laughter]; eat simply; drink sparingly [laughter]; don't smoke;—three courses for your dinner and a single glass of wine; keep your dining-room cool [laughter]; avoid drafts; be sure to have the air pure and fresh; never sit over an hour at table! [Laughter.] Ah, yes; those are the familiar formulas. Every one of you remembers them; every one of you has given them a thousand times, and taken a good fee for it every time. Now we've got you out from behind the screen. This must be what you meant by it. This is the way you live. [Laughter.] This is where the fees go. The united skill of two hundred Doctors, concentrated upon the single problem of Hygiene, how to produce for themselves the best and most wholesome way of dining, has resulted in this. [Laughter.] Well, well; it may be naughty, but it's nice; and we are more obliged than we



can tell you, for being shown at last, so satisfactorily and on the highest medical authority, just what "Plain Living and High Thinking" mean. [Laughter and applause.]

The newspapers have been spoken of as New York's Autocrats of the Breakfast Table. Oh, no; New York has no Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. In all the world there is only one [applause]; we shall never see his like again, and we are sure of him in New York only for to-night.

Call us not Autocrats, then; but mere Doctors, like the rest of you. We too give prescriptions, and, like you, are often in doubt as to whether the patients will take them. [Laughter.] We too are sometimes called on for remedies when we have n't a bit more idea than you what is the matter with the patients or what will help them; and we then are often as conscientious as you, and carefully disguise under our wise-looking prescription the formula for a harmless bread pill. [Laughter.] Like you, we work solely for the good of Humanity; but, like you, while we are at it, we also expect Humanity to find us a good living. [Applause.] Like you, we are occasionally mistaken in our diagnosis; and, like you, we have a bad half-hour of it when our patients find us out, refuse our nostrums, and resolutely declare that they are suffering from no such maladies as we describe. [Laughter.] A wise Doctor, under such circumstances, humors his patient; and a wise Journalist sometimes finds it best, however much against his grain, to let the people have their own way! [Laughter.]

We all owe you grateful thanks for enabling us to see again, in New York, a man of genius, in whom you take so just a pride, as a distinguished ornament of your profession, and in whom you must permit us an equal pride, as an honor to our country, and to the permanent literature of the English tongue. [Applause.] It is indeed a rare compliment paid your profession in the fact that after all the wooing of the Muses, Dr. HOLMES still made medicine the business of his life, and thus gave largely up to Beacon Street what was meant for mankind. If all this noble literary work is only the fruit of such leisure as could be snatched from an arduous employment, what might not the world have had if the facts had been reversed, if Literature had been his profession, and Medicine his recreation? [Applause.]

He has seen his family complete the round of the professions. His father a clergyman; himself a physician; his son already a distinguished lawyer and jurist—what profession is there left in this variety-loving family for the grandson but the Press? Nay, might we not almost claim your guest himself? For, what is an Editor but a man whose business it is to say the word he has to say at the instant, to deal with every new occasion when it comes? Yet here is the Prince of all writers for an occasion—more journalistic in this than the journalist. [Applause.] What notable occasion has he not adorned? What occasion did not show the loss of the final touch that gives perfection if HOLMES were not heard from? In peace or in war; in joy or in sorrow; among country-

men or for the stranger within our gates,—who does not recall, for every varying time and theme, the ring of our poet's voice? If we welcomed the Grand Duke, or Plon Plon, or the Chinese Embassy; if we mourned for Sumner or parted from Lowell; if we called our young men to the field or our young women to the Sanitary Fair; if we re-opened a burnt-down theatre, or unveiled a statue to Governor Andrew or to Halleck, always the word for the hour was HOLMES'. [Applause.]

If we were to judge indeed from the brilliant record of his performances, we might say that he really has the quality Editors only pretend to;—that he knows something about every thing, and can write on any thing. Consider the round of his accomplishments—as physician, medical lecturer, medical author; as microscopist and photographer; as the best living writer of after-dinner poems; as the author of some of our tenderest and some of our most ringing lyrics; above all, to give in a word reason enough for a great fame, as author of “The Chambered Nautilus,” a perfect poem, if the English language holds one. [Applause.] Then recall his work in a series of magazine papers that form an absolute era in American literature, and give him a place alone—the only Autocrat. Then remember his novels. We talk sometimes of looking, among our living writers, for the coming American novelist. If we mean one of unique type and of the first rank, has he not come? Why seek farther than the author of “Elsie Venner” and “The Guardian Angel”? [Applause.]

Your honored guest, Dr. Barker, must have seemed

to every one here the youngest man at your table to-night. Yet we know, and perhaps may venture to say, that save for the ever-youthful spirit, he is no longer young. The man who has written thirty-two successive annual poems for the class of 1829 must not be surprised that all the world knows by heart—if not his precise age—at least how long he has been out of college. [Laughter.] It is one of the pleasantest things connected with his formal relinquishment of some of the burdens he has been bearing, that he has the right, in this mellow Indian Summer of his fruitful life, to know that his fame is still a growing one. The very flash and glitter of his wit have sometimes blinded men's eyes to the rich and generous qualities that lay beneath it. Lowell painted him as

“A Leyden-jar, always full-charged, from which flit
The electrical tingles of hit after hit.”

This tribute from your profession, Dr. Barker, has served to recall to us how many more are his titles to renown, how wide has been the field of his work, and how rich the harvest he has gleaned. [Applause.] And it gives us the welcome opportunity to show that New York prizes him no less than Boston; is eager indeed to thank him for the pleasure he has for so many years given us all personally; for the example of his life, for the service he has rendered our literature, and the honor he has done our country. [Applause.]

At the conclusion of Mr. Reid's speech, Dr. Barker said: “We have not had time for the reading of the letters of regret from our invited guests and subscribers

who have been prevented from being with us either by reason of death of some relative, personal illness, or other causes beyond their control. I must mention the names of Dr. S. D. Gross and Dr. Wm. Pepper, of Philadelphia ; Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, of Boston ; and Drs. Willard Parker, Alonzo Clark, Austin Flint, Wm. H. Draper, and others of this city, whose names at the moment I do not recall, and Dr. John P. Gray, of Utica.

I now propose as a final toast :

“ABSENT FRIENDS”—those of our brethren who have not been able to join us in the present happy *reunion*.

To be drank standing, and I shall ask Dr. W. T. Bull to lead off in singing “Auld Lang Syne,” as a response and a benediction.

“Good-night, good-night ! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.”

—“*Romeo and Juliet*.”

Everybody stood, and drank, and sang,
And the old hall rang
With the music of the banqueting doctors.

21	Dr. A. C. Post
20	Dr. T. A. Emmet
19	Dr. L. A. Sayre
18	Dr. J. S. Billings
17	Dr. S. O. Vander Poel
16	Dr. Wm. Pepper
15	Mr. Geo. Wm. Curtis
14	Dr. J. T. Metcalfe
13	Hon. W. M. Everts
12	Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes
11	Dr. Fordyce Barker
10	Rt. Rev. Dr. Clark
9	Mr. Whitelaw Reid
8	Dr. J. C. Dalton
7	Dr. S. Weir Mitchell
6	Dr. T. G. Thomas
5	Dr. Wm. Detmold
4	Dr. T. M. Markoe
3	Dr. John P. Gray
2	Dr. Jas. Anderson
1	Dr. I. E. Taylor

Dr. H. D. Noyes	41	Dr. W. M. Carpenter	41	Dr. G. D. Bleything	41	Dr. R. O. Doremus	41	Dr. J. H. Douglas	41		
	40	Dr. C. H. Porter	40	Dr. J. V. Shoemaker	40	Dr. G. L. Peabody	40	Dr. C. M. Carleton	40	Dr. A. H. Smith	
Dr. W. T. Lusk	39	Dr. F. P. Foster	39	Dr. A. Dubois	39	Dr. H. Knapp	39	Dr. R. W. Taylor	39	Mr. D. B. Waggener	
	38	Dr. J. O. Roe	38	Dr. S. M. Roberts	38	Dr. B. Robinson	38	Dr. A. Jacobi	38	<i>N. Y. World</i>	
Dr. S. B. Ward	37	Dr. E. L. Youmans	37	Dr. C. D. Smith	37	Dr. A. L. Loomis	37	Dr. W. B. Goldsmith	37	Dr. P. F. Chambers	
	36	Dr. J. W. Barstow	36	Dr. J. B. Roberts	36	Dr. C. S. Ward	36	Dr. M. Blumenthal	36		
Dr. G. S. Winston	35	Dr. E. Vanderpoel	35	Dr. J. R. Leaming	35	Dr. L. A. Stimson	35	Dr. E. J. Birmingham	35	Dr. L. H. Sayre	
	34	Dr. C. H. Nichols	34	Dr. H. C. Cooper	34	Dr. Theodore F. Breck	34	Dr. C. E. Billington	34		
Dr. Henry Tuck	33	Dr. G. Mourraille	33	Mr. Horace White	33	Dr. E. L. Keyes	33	Dr. H. G. Piffard	33	Dr. H. M. Sims	
	32	Dr. E. F. Ward	32	<i>N. Y. Evening Post</i>		Dr. J. C. Hutchison	32	Dr. H. Pinkney	32		
Dr. C. P. Russell	31	Dr. J. F. Chauveau	31	Dr. F. E. Hyde	31	Dr. J. B. Hunter	31	Dr. A. P. Zemansky	31	Dr. W. G. Wylie	
	30	Dr. A. Hodgman	30	Hon. D. A. Wells	30	Dr. E. G. Janeway	30	Dr. E. Gruening	30		
Dr. E. C. Kinney	29	Dr. E. H. M. Sell	29	Dr. H. Cheeseman	29	Dr. W. E. Wheelock	29	Dr. R. G. Wiener	29	Dr. A. N. Brockway	
	28	Dr. E. C. Wendt	28	Dr. A. E. Macdonald	28	Dr. W. R. Gillette	28	Dr. V. P. Gibney	28		
Dr. Chas. Phelps	27	Dr. J. A. Monell	27	Dr. C. L. Dana	27	Dr. G. C. Freeborn	27	Dr. J. Wiener	27	Dr. H. T. Pierce	
	26	Dr. R. H. Saunders	26	Dr. J. Lewis Smith	26	Dr. H. F. Walker	26	Dr. D. Webster	26		
Dr. C. T. Poore	25	Dr. M. M'Lean	25	Dr. A. D. Rockwell	25	Dr. E. F. Brush	25	Dr. H. J. Garrigues	25	Dr. G. A. Spalding	
	24	Dr. A. E. M. Purdy	24	Dr. R. L. Parsons	24	Dr. A. M'L. Hamilton	24	Dr. W. O. Moore	24		
Dr. Rob't Watts	23	Dr. G. W. Baker	23	Dr. E. B. Belden	23	Dr. A. Meyer	23	Dr. B. Livingston	23	Dr. S. Swift	
	22	Dr. C. A. Leale	22	Dr. A. N. Bell	22	Dr. C. S. Bull	22	Dr. H. S. Oppenheimer	22		
Dr. F. D. Weisse	21	Dr. E. D. Fisher	21	Dr. E. Bradley	21	Dr. H. Griswold	21	Dr. E. L. Partridge	21	Dr. C. F. Taylor	
	20	Dr. F. H. Bosworth	20	Dr. M. H. Henry	20	Dr. E. W. Lambert	20	Dr. L. L. Seaman	20		
Dr. F. Le R. Satterlee	19	Dr. R. P. Lincoln	19	Dr. M. J. Roberts	19	Dr. J. W. M'Lane	19	Dr. B. F. Dawson	19	Dr. H. T. Hanks	
	18	Dr. A. L. Ranney	18	Dr. L. Elsberg	18	Dr. J. T. Brown	18	Dr. R. H. Derby	18		
Dr. W. J. Morton	17	Dr. C. C. Schuyler	17	Dr. J. A. McCreery	17	Dr. G. H. Wynkoop	17	Dr. J. H. Swasey	17	Dr. W. M. Chamberlain	
	16	Dr. R. C. Brandeis	16	Dr. R. A. Caldwell	16	Dr. E. H. Peaslee	16	Dr. C. M'Burney	16		
Dr. W. A. Hammond	15	Dr. C. D. Scudder	15	Dr. L. Putzel	15	Dr. F. N. Otis	15	Dr. C. C. Lee	15	Dr. W. N. Blakeman	
	14	Dr. P. F. Mundé	14	Dr. Daniel Lewis	14	Dr. G. Griswold	14	Dr. Morris Asch	14		
Dr. D. B. St. J. Roosa	13	Dr. Gorham Bacon	13	Dr. J. W. Pinkham	13		13	Dr. B. M'E. Emmet	13	Dr. C. W. Packard	
	12	Dr. G. M. Lefferts	12	Dr. M. R. Vedder	12		12	Dr. C. E. Hackley	12		
	11	Dr. D. B. Delavan	11	Dr. J. H. Love	11		11	Dr. J. D. Emmet	11	Dr. T. M. Prudden	
Dr. J. L. Little	10	Dr. F. M. Weld	10	Dr. U. G. Hitchcock	10	Dr. W. H. Katzenbach	10	Dr. Woolsey Johnson	10		
	9	Dr. A. S. Clarke	9	Dr. T. E. Satterthwaite	9	Dr. F. Delafield	9	Dr. T. F. Cock	9	Dr. R. W. Amidon	
Dr. J. W. Wright	8	Dr. F. R. Sturgis	8	Dr. N. M. Schaffer	8	Dr. A. A. Smith	8	Dr. W. De F. Day	8		
	7	Dr. H. D. Nicoll	7	Dr. J. A. Hegeman	7	Dr. J. G. Curtis	7	Mr. Paul Dana	7	Dr. G. L. Porter	
Dr. Basil Norris	6	Dr. J. R. Chadwick	6	Dr. L. D. Bulkley	6	Dr. E. Herrick	6	<i>N. Y. Sun</i>	6		
	5	Dr. C. Cleveland	5	Dr. J. H. Hinton	5	Dr. W. A. M. Wainwright	5	Dr. H. C. Eno	5		
Dr. John A. Tonner	4	Dr. E. B. Bronson	4	Dr. R. A. Abbe	4	Dr. R. Abbe	4	Dr. A. Van Derveer	4	Dr. F. P. Kinnicutt	
	3	Mr. John Habberton	3	Dr. H. P. Farnham	3	Dr. J. G. Perry	3	Dr. D. M. Stimson	3		
	2	<i>N. Y. Herald</i>	2	Dr. W. M. Polk	2	Dr. J. H. Ripley	2	Dr. C. R. Agnew	2	Dr. H. B. Sands	
Mr. C. McKnight Leoser	1	Dr. F. R. S. Drake	1	Dr. F. A. Burrall	1		1	Dr. G. G. Wheelock	1		
		Dr. Noah Brooks									
		<i>N. Y. Times</i>									

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